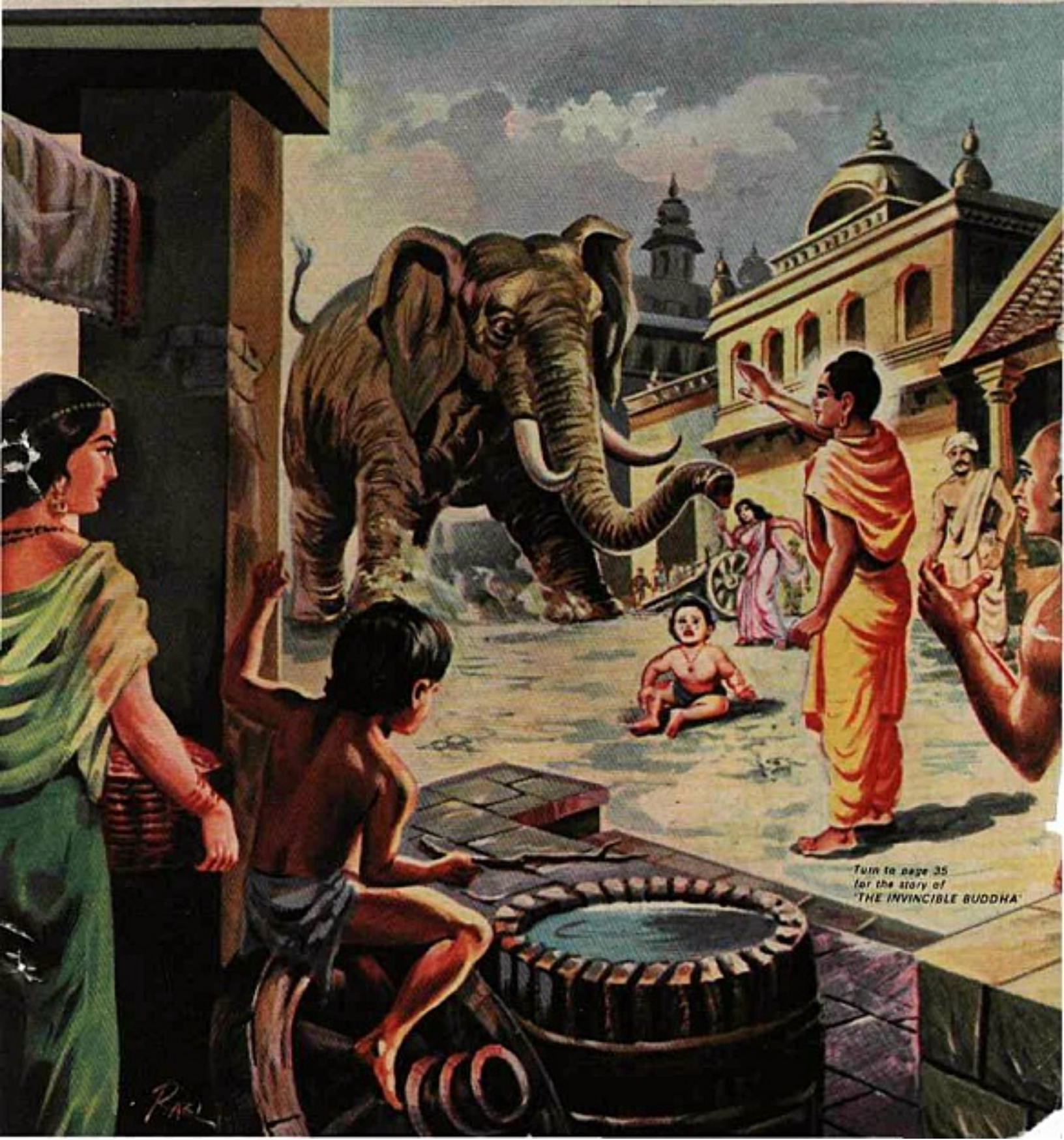


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नारीपुरुषतोयानामन्तरं महदन्तरम् ॥

Vājivāraṇalohānāṃ kāṣṭhapāṣāṇavāsasām

Nārīpuruṣatoyānāmāntaram mahadāntaram

All horses are not of one kind, neither are all elephants, iron, wood, stones, clothes, men, women and water the same. In each kind there are varieties — with great differences.

The Hitopadeshah



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Founder: CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

THE SECRET OF GROWTH

In this issue of your magazine, in the column PICKS FROM OUR MAILBAG, we have published extracts from two letters – one written by a father and the other by a teacher. These are specimens of the encouraging letters we have been receiving from the grown-up section of our readers.

Is there any special reason to be happy about such letters? Indeed, there is. One of the best ways of bridging the generation gap is for the grown-up ones to *grow* with the young ones. It is a great error for the grown-up to think that he has grown enough. The inner growth does not mean just knowing far more than the children know or experiencing the hard realities of life. The secret of the true growth for the older generation lies in its capacity to feel the innocent joy and wonder the young can feel. To be in tune with the spontaneous process of growth that is in operation in the young is the elixir of youth for the grown-up.

The *Chandamama* tries its humble best to contribute to the child's natural spirit of growth – through a fusion of joy and knowledge. We feel rewarded to know that the grown-up too are benefited from this sacred mission of the *Chandamama*.

THREE PRINCESSES

13. In the Jaws of Death.

(Udayan undertook a journey to Shravasti. On the way he rescued a blind old man and through him was introduced to a local ruler. Upon reaching Shravasti, he consoled the king and the queen, assuring them that their daughters were safe. He then returned to the giant's domain. To his horror, he saw the giant about to hang his brothers.)

Udayan stood undone for a moment. He could have made himself invisible and jumped forward to the rescue of his brothers. But while he was returning to the enchanted domain, the magic powder had slipped off him.

It was impossible to win a victory over the giant in a direct combat. The giant was not only much stronger, but also capable of bringing forward a new head when beheaded!

"Should I look on while my brothers hang into their death?" he asked himself and decided to rush to fight the giant though that would mean his own death.

The giant led his prisoners—Nishith, Kumar, and the captain who had come to meet them—towards a wooden platform. He put the nooses

around their necks. Udayan was about to spring up between the prisoners and the giant with his sword drawn. Just then was heard a shout, "Stop!"

It was the voice of the dwarf wizard.

"What do you mean?" demanded the giant, surprised at the wizard's audacity.

"If you hang those brothers you will be the loser!" warned the wizard.

"How dare you say so?" the giant asked, grinding his teeth.

"For your information, those three brothers who have given you so much trouble are triplets. I had kept this fact hidden from you in order to save them. But now that you are going to kill them any way, I thought it wise to reveal this to you," said the wizard.

"You are a liar," roared the

giant.

"You are a fool to say so," retorted the wizard.

The giant stamped his foot, and, goggling his fearful eyes asked Nishith and Kumar, "Is this true?"

"It is," said Nishith. "I confess this because I don't want to speak a lie just before dying."

The giant stood convinced.

"Do you know why I revealed the fact? Since die these young men must, let them die before your deity instead of dying by the noose," stated the wizard. "Thereby their death will at least serve some purpose."

"You are right. All my pri-

soners are lucky to be sacrificed before my deity..."

"For your profit!" cut in the wizard. But the giant did not seem to understand the sarcasm. He said gleefully, "Yes, for my profit. I'll obtain a grand boon from the deity the moment I have sliced off the heads of fifty twins before her."

"Well, well, you had almost had fifty victims only if you could get hold of Udayan, the missing one of the triplets," observed the wizard.

"Right. But where is he? He is so wicked!" complained the giant.

"Indeed, he must be appearing wicked to an honest and





innocent giant like you. Why not try to find him? He went out to Shravasti some time back. He could not have gone far," said the wizard.

"Yes, I'll find him out. How can he escape my clutch? Ha ha!!"

The giant's sinister laughter made the blood of his prisoners creep. The giant then took the nooses off the three would-be victims' necks and bound them separately to the trees at hand. He did the same to the wizard.

As the prisoners looked on, he changed into a vulture and took off.

As soon as the giant was gone Udayan jumped forward and demanded of the wizard, "Why did you make the disclosure?"

"Were you a clever chap, you would have understood my motive at once! Don't you see that my disclosure at least saved your brothers from the impending death? I had seen you hiding behind the bush. That is why I suggested to the giant that he ought to go out of the forest in search of you," explained the wizard.

Udayan thought over the wizard's statement. Soon it was clear to him that the wizard had done the best imaginable in the prevailing situation. He felt grateful to the wizard. May what come later, had the wizard not intervened at the moment, Nishith, Kumar and the captain would have got killed. Going to save them, he too would have gone their way.

"What is to be done now?" asked Udayan.

"Free us first. Then we will decide upon our next course of action," said the wizard.

Udayan freed the wizard immediately. Together they freed the others.

"We are back from the jaws of death!" exclaimed Kumar

and Nishith.

"I was surprised that instead of keeping yourself invisible, you hid behind a bush while the giant was here," the wizard told Udayan.

"I lost the magic powder, I'm sorry to confess," said Udayan.

"Never mind. I still have some of it." The wizard said this while bringing out the powder. He then chanted some hymn on it. Then, going near the three princesses, he sprinkled pinches of it on Subhasini's left foot, Suhasini's left hand, and Suke-shini's eyes.

Next moment the girls appeared to have lost those limbs!

"My God! What did you do? You made them cripples!" exclaimed the three brothers.

"Don't you worry. With the hymn I muttered, the powder's power changed. Instead of making the whole object invisible, it will make only the part on which it is sprinkled invisible. You can also memorise the hymn," said the wizard.

"I won't care to memorise it. I have no intention of making charming girls look disfigured," blurted out Udayan.

The wizard laughed and said, "My brother, you have to make



charming girls look disfigured if you will like to save them from being dismembered!"

"We don't understand you!" said Nishith and Kumar. Udayan kept quiet, for he had begun to guess the situation.

"The giant won't sacrifice such men or women to his deity who are disfigured in their limbs," informed the wizard.

After some more consultation among themselves, they again stood bound to the trees, in the positions the giant had left them. Udayan then made himself invisible.

Next morning all could hear a hissing sound in the sky.



Soon the thick foliage overhead parted. Hundreds of leaves fell scattered. Then descended the giant, in the form of the vulture, and then, after hopping on the ground twice or thrice, assumed his normal form.

With him had come two other giants who looked like his servants. They held two fearful axes. They were followed by two giant-women carrying two basketsful of flowers.

The giant took his seat on a wooden slab and commanded the giant-women to prepare those prisoners in the lake for the ceremonial sacrifice. "Bring them one after another to me."

he said.

As the prisoners were produced before him, he asked them their names and passed his searching look on them. "You are the prince of Avanti, aren't you?" "You are the princess of Manipur, right?" – he went on asking. The prisoners nodded, tears rolling down their cheeks.

Suddenly one of the giant-women asked in a horrified tone, "What to do with this blind girl, this lame girl and this handleless one?"

"What! Blind, lame and handleless? What do you say? I could not have chosen such defective ones!" roared the giant. He then surveyed the three princesses with disgust writ large on his face and in one bound reached the tree to which the wizard was tied.

"Who did the mischief? Who disfigured these girls?" he demanded.

"O Giant, I'm dying with pain. I'll answer your question only after you take me out of the tree," whimpered the wizard.

The giant snapped the rope. The wizard fell on the ground.

"Tell me how three of the princesses lost their limbs!" asked the giant.

"How on earth do you expect

me to tell that? They might have been like that from their birth. You might have overlooked their defects!" answered the wizard.

"Overlooked? Never. I had been sure of everyone's sound physical condition before kidnapping them. Someone has done some mischief to foil my mission. I hope you are not the mischief-maker!" groaned out the giant.

"It is a pity that you have begun suspecting me for everything, forgetting all about your absconding enemy, Udayan!" lamented the wizard.

The giant remained thoughtful for a moment.

"I'll kill him! I'll find him out anyhow and crush him like a bug!" he shrieked.

Then he dragged Kumar, Nishith, the wizard and the captain into another part of the forest. The invisible Udayan followed him. Beside a thick bush the giant changed himself into a vulture and flapped his wings violently. The leaves dispersed and a door was seen. The giant opened the door and pushed his four prisoners down it. Then, after covering the spot with leaves again, he returned to the princesses. Suddenly he swooped down upon them and took hold of them in his claws and flew off. — *To continue*



WORLD MYTHOLOGY—4

ATLANTA'S RACE

Atlanta, the daughter of an Arcadian chief, was a remarkable runner and huntress. She could run through forest, armed with a bow and arrows, at the wind's speed.



Once when a ferocious boar ravaged the kingdom of Calydon and the local heroes were unable to tackle it, Atlanta wounded it first.



Many a prince coveted the hand of Atlanta in marriage. But Atlanta put forth an unusual condition before her father.



According to the condition, every candidate must have a race with her. One to outdo her would marry her. Those who lagged behind would die.





Far in the west, at the foot of the Atlas mountain, was a tree that produced golden apples, guarded by a dragon.

Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, brought three apples from the tree and gave them to a young man, Hippomenes, and inspired him to race with Atlanta.



As Hippomenes ran with Atlanta, he threw a charming apple on the way. Atlanta stopped to pick it up. Hippomenes did it thrice.



Atlanta's speed was broken thrice. Hippomenes was victorious in the race. Atlanta and Hippomenes were married.



THE CORRECT SIGNATURE!

There was a forest between Suryagarh and Chandragarh. A notorious bandit, named Narsingh, dominated the forest.

Once the King of Chandragarh requested the King of Suryagarh for a loan of a lakh of gold mohurs. It was arranged that the prime minister of Chandragarh would go to receive the amount.

Narsingh had his spies in both the royal courts. He was duly reported about the transaction.

He was illiterate. At midnight he entered a pundit's house and asked him to teach him how to sign the prime minister's name. When the pundit showed reluctance, Narsingh brandished a dagger. The pundit taught him the signature.

Next day the prime minister, along with his bodyguards, was on his way to Suryagarh. Narsingh's gang captured the party. Narsingh himself donned the minister's clothes and made some of his lieutenants look like the bodyguards. He also snatched the royal seal and the letter of authority from the minister and detained the party in the forest.

He then proceeded to Suryagarh and greeted the king and received the amount. But as soon as he signed the receipt, the king put him under arrest.

The pundit had taught the illiterate bandit to write "Narsingh the Bandit!"



The Master of the Cloud

Once upon a time there was a hermit. He travelled from village to village through arid lands and rocky mountains. But such was God's Grace for him that always a cloud floated above his head. Wherever he went, the cloud never stopped moving with him, giving him shade.

The people marvelled at the phenomenon. "O Hermit, how great is your achievement that you can command even a cloud to serve you!" they exclaimed often. The hermit no doubt replied that it was not his

achievement, but God's Grace that protected him from the sun. Nevertheless, the people called him the Master of the Cloud.

By and by the hermit grew a bit proud. No one but he could sport a cloud overhead! Was it not achievement enough to enjoy such divine privilege?

The hermit was walking a hard way feeling flattered with such thoughts when he felt quite hot overhead. He looked up and saw no cloud shading him. He was filled with remorse and repentance. "It is my pride





which deprived me of God's Grace," he cried out. He spent the whole night praying to God. "Pardon me, O Lord, give me back the gift of the cloud," he repeated time and again.

His eye-lids grew heavy a little before the dawn. He slumped into a brief sleep. He heard a voice in his dream, saying, "It has to be a true devotee who must plead with the Lord on your behalf."

"Where to find a true devotee?" asked the hermit.

"The king of this land is a devotee of great merit," replied the voice and the hermit's dream ended.

He walked towards the city and stood before the king's palace the next day. "I wish to meet the king," he told the guards at the gate.

"You have to wait for a week. The king gives audience only once in seven days. Today was that day, but the time is over," informed the guards.

"But I have something very special to talk to him. I seek no wealth or title," said the hermit.

"Instead of seeking anything from the king if you were to give him a million pieces of gold or a kingdom he will be available to receive the gift only this day next week. If you wish, you can meet one of his ministers or any other officer," explained the guards.

The hermit felt much annoyed. What sort of a devotee is the king if he was not available to the people? Must he make merry for six days in a week? These were the questions which disturbed the hermit. But he decided to wait.

On the appointed day he was ushered into the court. There were already a number of people with complaints and appeals awaiting the king. Then a bugle was sounded and

the king entered the court. He was dressed gorgeously; his turban was studded with large diamonds. All stood up and sang his glory. The king smiled and sat down on his throne.

As the buzzing voices died down, the king looked at the hermit straight and said, "Hello, Master of the Cloud, welcome. But be seated till I finish looking into the matters of others."

The hermit was greatly surprised. He had never met the king before. Nobody in the court knew him. How did the king know his popular name? He waited, suppressing his curiosity.

With promptness and justice the king disposed of the cases before him. He stood up at the end of the session and walked down to the hermit. Taking the hermit's hands into his, he led him into the palace.

The royal bodyguards followed the king until he had crossed into the interior of the palace. Large and immensely beautiful were the apartments of the inner part of the palace. There were pools of scented water and corridors decorated with sculptures of great beauty.

But the king did not stop near any of these apartments. He



crossed into a garden. At the end of it was a high wall. The hermit observed that no inmate or servant of the palace came with the king when he went near the wall. The king unlocked a small door on the wall and stepped to the other side, beckoning the hermit to do the same.

What a contrast the area on the other side made with the grandeur of the palace. It was a desolate place, infested with shrubs and bushes. A jackal ran away on sighting them. In a corner of the place stood a dilapidated hut.

"I have brought a guest with



me," said the king, standing in front of the hut. "Will you please receive him?"

One to come out was a charming woman. But her clothes were worn-out and she looked as poor as a beggar woman.

"Meet my wife, the queen," said the king.

The hermit stood stunned. He did not know when the king entered the hut and returned to him changing his royal attire for a poor man's clothes.

The hermit recovered his speech after a long time when the queen asked them to come in for food.

The king and the hermit sat

on the floor. The food they had was no superior to what the hermit used to have in the homes of the common villagers.

"I am sorry, we cannot entertain you to any better dishes. This is all we can buy with our meagre income from our labour," observed the king.

"I don't understand what you mean by your labour, Your Majesty," said the hermit.

"Myself and my wife make mats," informed the king. Presently a poor boy came there and collected two mats from the queen. It was obvious that he did not know who the woman was. He said in a casual manner, "I'll be late in returning from the market. I can pay you only tomorrow."

"Your Majesty, I feel totally stupefied. What is the meaning of the king and the queen making mats for a livelihood?" the hermit at last put the question to the king.

"There is nothing mysterious about it," said the king. "From my childhood I had a desire to devote myself to prayers. I never liked the luxuries of the palace. I would have left the palace to wander about free as a hermit. But my inner voice told me, 'God has made

you take birth in the royal family. Why do you shun your duty? Can't He help you to lead the life of a devotee while performing your duty as a king?"

"So I decided to stay on in the palace. After my father's death I appointed able and honest officers to various positions. They have been doing their duty well. One day in the week I sit in the court and decide matters that are placed before me. All the other time I am here in my hut, living a simple life, devoting myself to prayer. But through my prayers I know that all is well in my land, just as I knew who you were."

Such a character was beyond the hermit's dream. He could not speak for long. Then he told the king about the voice he had heard and requested him

to pray to the Lord on his behalf.

The king heard him in silence and nodded.

At midnight the hermit woke up and saw that the king sat kneeling down at his head. "O Lord, be kind enough to restore the gift of the cloud to this hermit!" he muttered. The hermit lay stiff, his heart filled with gratitude and eyes filled with tears.

The sun rose. "My friend," the king told the hermit, "I hope the Lord will be pleased to send the cloud to you again."

The hermit felt sure that the king's was the voice of truth. The king led him to the end of the meadow and showed him the way.

As the hermit began walking, he saw the beneficent cloud reappearing on his head.



At the Shrine of Badrinath

Time passed as though in a dream. For Ravi and Raman the trip to Kedarnath proved a memorable boon. The scenic grandeur they enjoyed, the mythological stories they heard from the Sadhu—meant for them education without tears.

“Do you know the name of the mountain-range in which Kedarnath is situated? It is called the *Rudra Himalaya*. The Puranas name the range as *Sumeru Parvat* as well as *Panch Parvat*. It got the latter name because of its five peaks, namely, *Rudra Himalaya*, *Vishnupuri*,

Brahmapuri, *Udgarikantha* and *Swargarohini*. The Gandhamadana Hill too is a part of this range,” informed the Sadhu.

Leaving Kedarnath they came down to Sonprayag and from there took a bus for Badrinath. They spent a night at Joshimath, an old town at a height of 6,000 feet, overlooking the river Alakananda.

And, across the Alakananda, on yet another hill was situated Badrinath, the temple-town nestling amidst the infinite solitude of the hills at a height of over ten thousand feet.



It took the party almost three hours to cover a bare 40 kilometres by bus, to reach Badrinath or Badarikashram.

"From the seat of Shiva you have now come to that of Vishnu," said the Sadhu as they stood before the impressive temple of Badrinarayan.

"Who placed the deity here?" asked Ravi.

The Sadhu laughed. "The deity was eternally here. Can you think of the Himalaya without the great deities? The question is, who first felt Vishnu's presence so concretely here," the Sadhu said.

"Who?"

"I cannot say. According to legends the deity was worshipped here long long ago, perhaps by some sages. But He had been forgotten. It was the famous Shankaracharya who rediscovered Him and installed Him in a shrine..."

"A very fine shrine," Raman observed interrupting the Sadhu.

"Fine, yes, but this one is not the shrine built by Shankaracharya. That must have been shattered by an avalanche long ago. The deity remains; but the shrine has been rebuilt time and again," said the Sadhu.

"But didn't Shankaracharya



belong to the South?" queried Raman.

"He belonged to the whole of India, though born at Kaladi in Kerala. He was a phenomenon. He travelled across the land meeting famous scholars and silencing them in arguments even when he was a mere teenager. He founded four *muths* or monasteries in four corners of the country: at Sringeri in Karnataka, Dwaraka in Gujarat, Puri in Orissa, and Badrinath in the Himalayas. Later he founded a fifth *muth* at Kanchipuram of Tamil Nadu. The chief priest in the temple of Badri, called the *Rawal*, even

today is a Namboodiri Brahmin from Kerala, following the example of the appointment Shankaracharya must have made," said the Sadhu.

After a brief relaxation in a guest house, they set out for the temple. A cool gust swept across the valley.

"Ooo!" whimpered Ravi, "How do people live here in winter?"

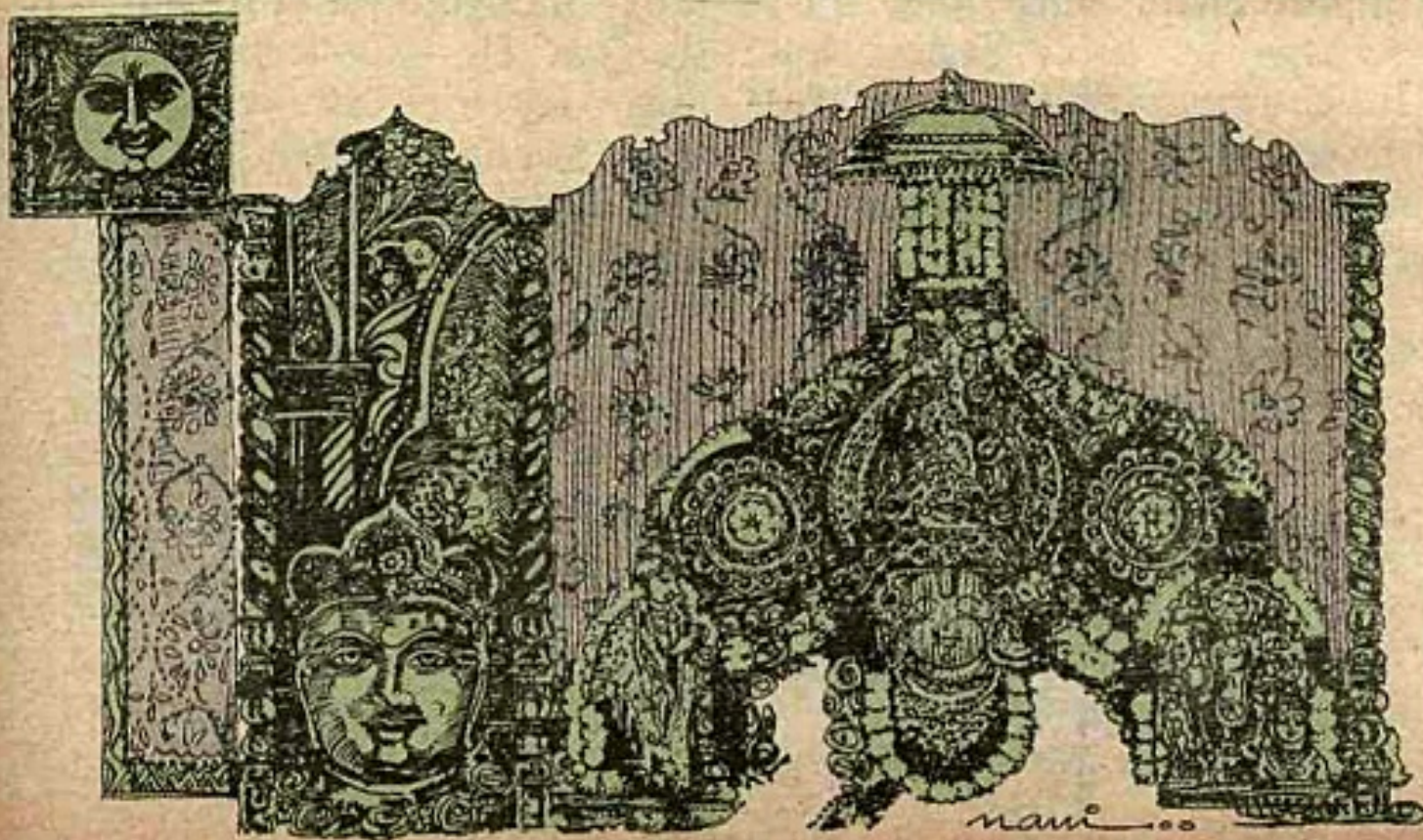
"Nobody lives here for six months of the year," said the Sadhu. "The valley remains sealed by snow. An idol representing Badrinath is worshipped at Joshimath. The temple here remains shut. But before it is closed, the chief priest lights a lamp inside it. It

is found still burning when the temple opens.

They entered the temple to see the evening worship of the Lord. It was a thrilling experience for all. The atmosphere inside the temple pulsed with devotion as well as the compassion of the deity—who sat in a meditative pose.

From their guest-house which overlooked the city, Ravi and Raman gazed at the twinkling lights of the little town. The lights went off one by one—as the night grew deep.

All around reigned an awful silence. Mountains that rose to twentythree thousand feet glistened in the moonlight like the great guardians of the world.





THE DAYDREAM AND THE DREAM!

Nisad was an ambitious young man. What is more, he was given to daydreams!

"What if I came across a bag of gold all on a sudden!" he often mused. His favourite place was the corner of a tea stall.

It was a summer noon. He was tired after a few hours of work. He entered the tea stall and occupied his usual seat.

Through the window he saw a nobleman riding by, followed by his servants on foot. Looking at the mirror on the wall he saw his own face. He resembled the wealthy nobleman.

"What if the people mistook me to be the nobleman? I would

then become the master of his wealth and position. What a fun it would be!" he mumbled to himself. Then he went out of the street and followed the nobleman.

The nobleman entered a bath. His servants waited for him outside. Nisad sneaked in and saw that the attendants in the bath received the nobleman with great respect. He took off his costly clothes and put on a towel. An attendant massaged his back with oil; another rubbed his feet.

When both the attendants left him for a moment, Nisad pounced upon him, gagged him and threw him into an open

drum and sat in his place!

The attendants returned and, mistaking Nisad to be the nobleman, led him to the pool. They gave him a thorough bath and then brought him the nobleman's clothes.

Nisad now looked the full-fledged nobleman. He found a purse in his pocket. He emptied it on a table and asked the attendants to divide the coins among themselves. The attendants bowed to him repeatedly.

Nisad came out of the bath. The nobleman's servants saluted him and escorted him to the horse. Nisad managed to

mount the horse, but he did not know which way to go. He knew nothing about the nobleman whom he was impersonating.

The horse however trotted on of its own, followed by the servants. It stopped in front of a beautiful mansion. Nisad was hesitating; but the servants took hold of the horse and said, "Be pleased to dismount, sir!"

Nisad got off and entered the mansion. The magnificence of the house dazed him! He did not know where to go. Luckily for him, a servant held the door of a room open. He entered it



and was greeted by a beautiful lady.

"You are rather late, my husband!" said the lady. Nisad sat down on a cushion without a word. The lady signalled her maids to lay out the lunch. Nisad ate quietly the items which he had never seen in life! But his joy had left him. All he had was fear.

"My husband, a friend of mine asked me your full name with the titles! I could not utter all the words in their proper order. What a shame! Will you please once mention to me the whole name?" said the lady pleadingly.

Nisad turned pale. "Is it not rather embarrassing for myself to recite my titles?" he fumbled out!

"Embarrassing before me! Why, I pray? And what has happened to your voice? Were you in the pool for a very long time?" asked the lady with surprise.

A maid entered and informed that the Sultan wants him immediately. The royal carriage was waiting.

"Why should the Sultan want me?" asked Nisad, betraying great fear.

"What a question! You are his dearest co'rtier. And you





had promised to tell him a joke today. Have you forgotten all that? Hurry up!" said the lady.

Nisad, trembling with fear, went out and boarded the carriage. In a few minutes he was in the Sultan's court.

"Welcome, chum! What about your joke?" asked the Sultan.

"My lord! I am the joke—a living joke!" Nisad managed to say, half dead!

"Ha! Ha!" The Sultan burst into a loud laugh. Nisad felt that he collapsed!

"Gentleman, you are dozing on your tea!" reminded a servant of the tea stall.

Nisad straightened up. "Good God! My daydream had led me only into a dream! I am happy to be Nisad that I am!" Nisad said and smiled to himself and asked for a fresh cup of very hot tea!



The truest test of independent judgment is being able to dislike someone who admires us, and to admire someone who dislikes us.

— Sydney Harris

DAMODAR CHAPEKAR

"I was under the impression that the British were always punctual! But where is the Englishman who was to meet me?" asked a young man of Pune one April morning. He was not annoyed. He smiled at his own observation.

Was he expecting the Englishman for tea?

Not quite. He was waiting for the gentleman to come and signal for his death. The gentleman was an English magistrate. The young man in

his late twenties was Damodar Chapekar. The place was Yervada jail, Pune.

The Englishman, of course, arrived soon and Chapekar was hanged while he held a copy of the *Bhagavat Gita*. His grip on the book remained tight even after his death.

Chapekar had been found guilty of murder. But tens of thousands of people all over the country—particularly in Pune and Bombay—lamented the execution. For them, the brave



Chapekar was a saviour. The man to fall to his bullet—one Mr. Rand—was no man but monster.

The situation was rather queer. A plague had broken out in Pune and Bombay towards the end of the year 1896. The British rulers decided to take strong measures to stop the plague from spreading. Needless to say, that was a welcome decision. Who would like the plague to go on killing people? The citizens were ready to co-operate with the rulers in checking the epidemic.

But, most unfortunately, the measures taken against the

plague were soon found to be a greater plague! The British soldiers surrounded area after area of the city in the manner of beseizing enemy camps. Under the plea of segregating the affected ones, they forced hundreds of people, without any prior notice, to leave their homes. Men and women, the aged and the sick not excepted, were marched to distant camps. The homes they left behind were often ransacked.

As if that was not enough, the soldiers paraded the people—both men and women—in broad daylight and stripped them naked. They had to stand



in that humiliating condition for hours. This was done in the name of examining them—for finding out if they had developed any symptom of the disease. Some women swooned away under the humiliation. Some even committed suicide. Those men who protested were beaten up.

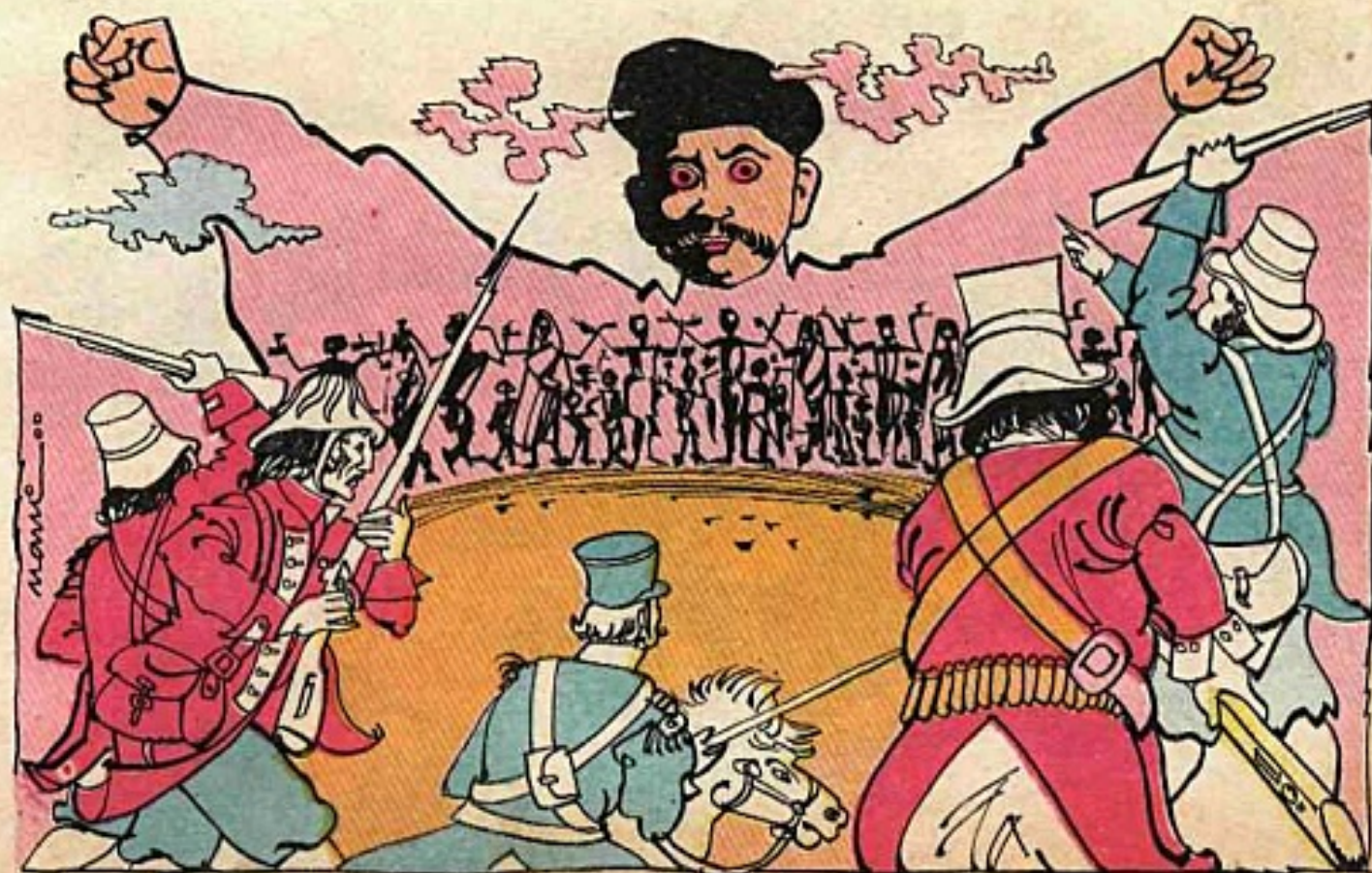
Was such brutal treatment of the people necessary? Certainly not. The fact was different. A cruel officer, in fact a perverted one, had been appointed as the Plague Commissioner. He derived a kind of sick pleasure by making his men harass the natives. He suffered from what

is known as sadism.

Petitions by the citizens failed to soften the heart of Rand. The women in particular were heard praying, "Let us be swept away by plague before Rand's men come to plague us."

That was the time when Damodar Chapekar decided to act. He had been an ardent nationalist. He was training a group of young men in gymnastics, lathi-play and fencing. He looked forward to a future when he would fight the British on an open arena.

But he could not wait. It was most necessary to put an end to the terror that was Rand



—to act to save the women of his land from humiliation, he felt.

It was the 60th anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation. There was a merry function at the Government House. Rand was an important member of the gathering. At midnight he came out. He was on the way to his residence.

Damodar Chapekar and his brother, Balkrishna, lay in ambush. As soon as they spotted Rand's carriage, Damodar advanced and shot at the rider. His brother, Balakrishna, did the same for Rand's lieutenant, Ayerst.

With Rand's death the harassment of the people came to a grinding halt.

Damodar was arrested after six weeks. He was tried and hanged on April 18, 1898.

Balakrishna escaped to Hyderabad, the Nizam's territory. There was no ground for the Nizam's government to hand Balakrishna over to the British. But the Nizam, after all, was at the mercy of the British. The British Resident in Hyderabad spoke to the Nizam. Balakrishna was thrown into the hands of the British. He was tried and hanged on May 12, 1899.





STORY OF INDIA 45 **THE INVINCIBLE BUDDHA**

Glimpses of the Buddha's Life-5

Devadutta, the Buddha's cousin, was always jealous of the Buddha while pretending to be his disciple. Ajatasatru, the Prince of Magadha and Devadutta were chums. Devadutta inspired the prince to kill his father, Bimbisara.

He dreamt of growing powerful when Ajatasatru became the king.

Ajatasatru, inspired by Devadutta, one day stealthily entered King Bimbisara's bed-chamber, after waiting long for a chance. He advanced near the sleeping king and bared a dagger and raised it to stab the king to death.

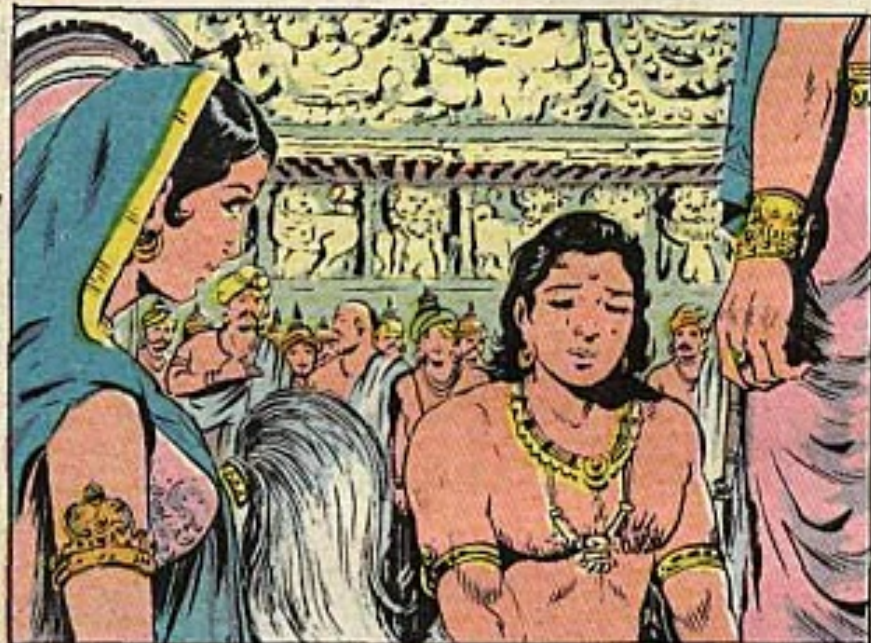


It was by chance that the king's personal servant happened to enter the chamber. He gave out a loud shriek. The dagger fell off Ajatasatru's hand. The royal guards and others came rushing in. Ajatasatru was captured without much difficulty.



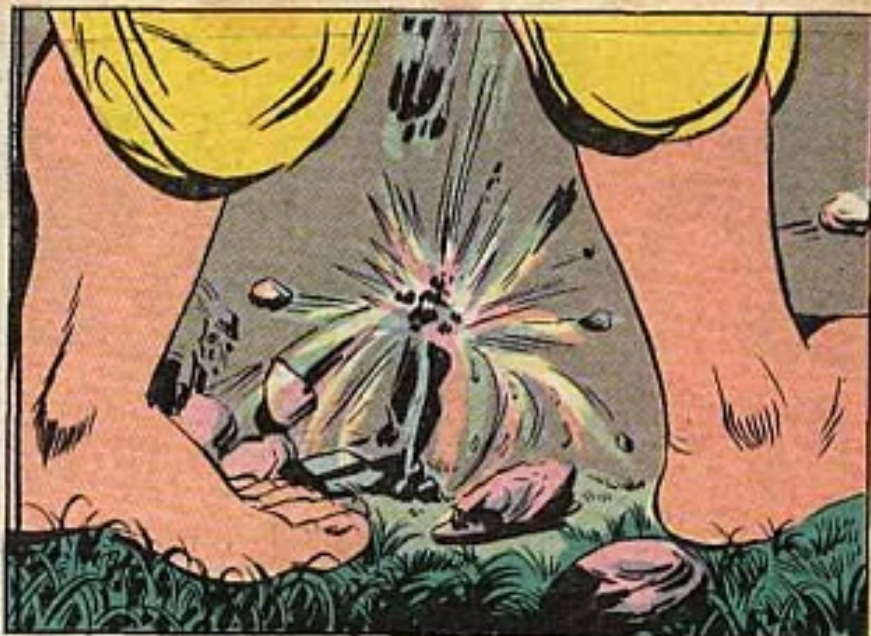
Ajatasatru confessed that Devadutta had instigated him to the crime. The ministers demanded that Ajatasatru be punished. But the king said, "I am old. Let me retire. When my son becomes a king, he will have confidence in himself. He will not be influenced by the wicked."

Ajatasatru fell at his father's feet and promised to be worthy of the pardon. Bimbisara abdicated in his favour. Ajatasatru ignored Devadutta thereafter and began attending the Buddha's discourses. He became a patron of both Buddhism and Jainism.



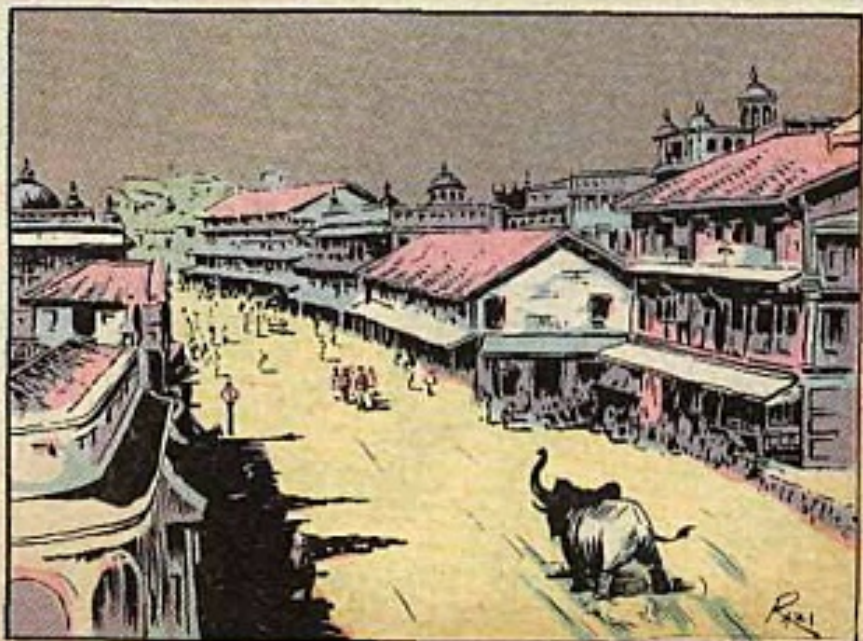
Devadutta, frustrated at Ajatasatru's change of heart, decided to kill the Buddha all by himself. One day Devadutta rolled a big boulder down from the hill-top, where he was taking a stroll to crush him to death.

Just then a rock slid down of its own and struck the rolling boulder midway down the hill. The boulder's course was diverted. Both the stones fell yards away from the Buddha and were partly smashed. The Buddha escaped, though hurt by a splinter in his foot.



Devadutta now conspired with the mahout of a huge elephant called Nilagiri. The elephant was notorious for trampling down human beings. They made Nilagiri drink an intoxicating mixture. They did it before the Buddha was to be out in the street.

Nilagiri, when mad with intoxication, was let loose on the street. People ran helter skelter. The Buddha was in the street with his followers. The followers came forward to protect their master from the furious creature. But the Buddha elbowed his way to the forefront.





In the melee an infant child fell off its mother's arms. The elephant had come closer to it. The pedestrians, while running away, shouted that the child was going to be crushed by the charging Nilagiri.

The Buddha took hurried steps and stood in front of the child just when the elephant had reached the spot. Everybody thought that the mischievous elephant would harm both the Buddha and the child. But, strangely, the elephant stopped.



The Buddha looked at the elephant and said, "Nilagiri! Calm down. Become good and gentle!" The elephant slowly crouched before the Buddha as if seeking his blessing. The Buddha caressed it.

This was a strange experience for the people. They realised how great a soul the Buddha was.

THE ONE TO WIN THE CROWN

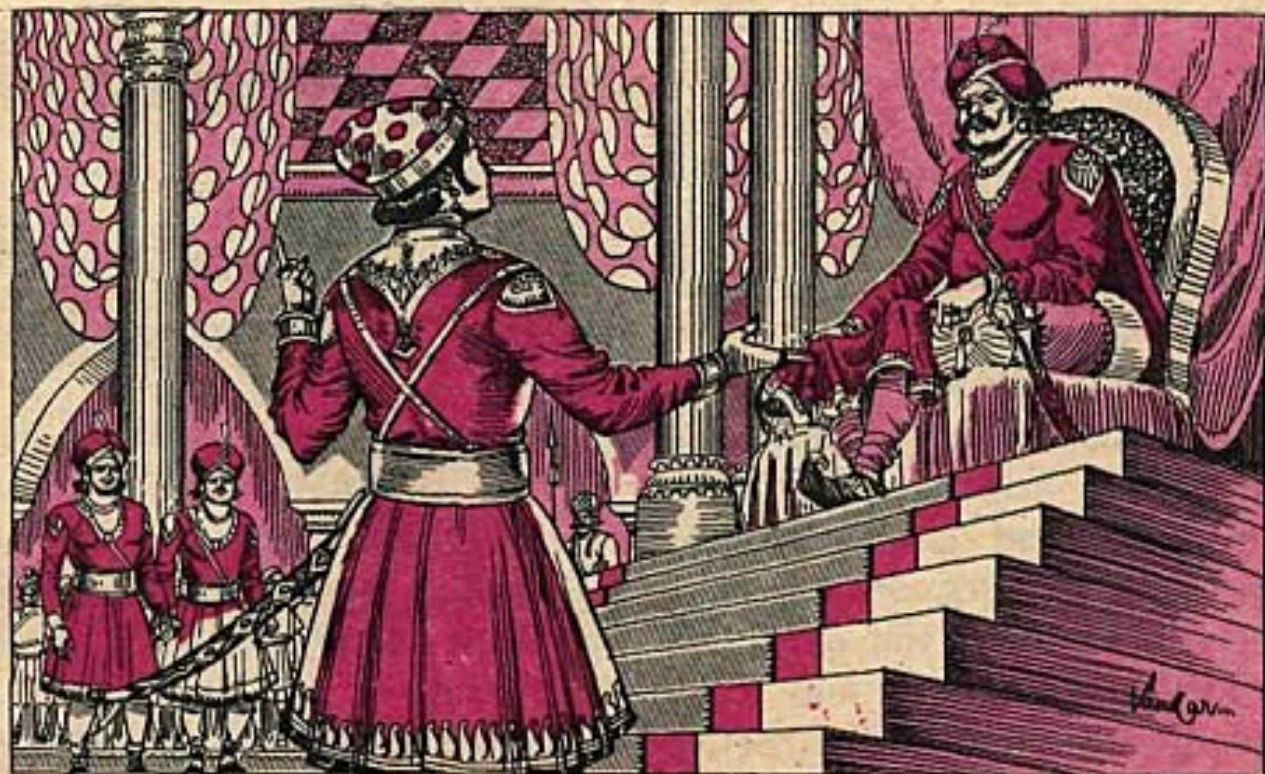
A king had three sons. One day the third son told the king in private, "Father, my two elder brothers are nice chaps, but they are no good to govern the kingdom. If you want your kingdom to run well, make me the crown-prince."

The king called his three sons and gave a lakh of gold coins to each and said, "Use the money in whatever way you like. Meet me after three months and tell me what you have done with it. He who has made the best use of it will succeed me to the throne."

The sons were summoned three months later. The eldest said that he had used the money to spread religious education among the subjects. The second one said that he had spent the sum in learning from a wizard the secret of bringing down rain when necessary.

The third son whispered to the king, "My lord, I have bought the allegiance of your army. They stand ready to help me stage a coup. Better pass on the throne to me and retire with honour."

The king had to accept the advice.





TRADING WITH A GHOST

Motilal was a trader in goats. Ram, an orphan, was his servant. He was as faithful as he was hard-working. Motilal gave him two meals a day and paid him a rupee a month.

"I admit that the salary I'm paying you is not high. When you grow up to be a young man, I'll pay you lump-sum. You can then start your own business," Motilal told Ram.

What Motilal did not realise - or rather refused to admit - was that Ram had already become a young man!

One day Motilal carried a dozen goats to the market. As usual, Ram accompanied him. In the crowded market somehow one of their goats got lost. If negligence was the cause of the loss, both Motilal and Ram were guilty of it. But being the master, it was Motilal's pri-

vilege to take Ram to task. "You idle fellow," he growled, "what will you achieve in life if you cannot manage even a few goats? You deserve to be kicked out!"

Ram found the remark too uncharitable. "Very well, master, let me take leave of you. Better you pay me up the lump-sum you've promised," he said.

"Lump-sum, eh? It has been a blunder to pay you a rupee a month. Begone, you fool!" shouted Motilal.

Ram left the market immediately.

The market was closed a little before midnight. Motilal was on way home, alone. He had walked a little when he heard a bleat. Under a bush sat his lost goat!

"How foolish it was of me to dismiss Ram from service!"

he thought and resumed walking. He had to pass by a hill. A cave in the hill was notorious as the haunt of a ghost. Nobody dared to pass by it all alone, in any case never at night. Motilal had not anticipated a situation that would oblige him to return home alone.

He mumbled the name of his family-deity and walked on quietly.

"Will you surrender your goat to me? I'm hungry," said a nasal voice that came from the cave. "Here is the money," said the voice again as a bundle came flying from the cave.

Motilal pushed the goat into the cave and picked up the bundle and ran home. At home he opened the bundle. It contained twenty rupees!

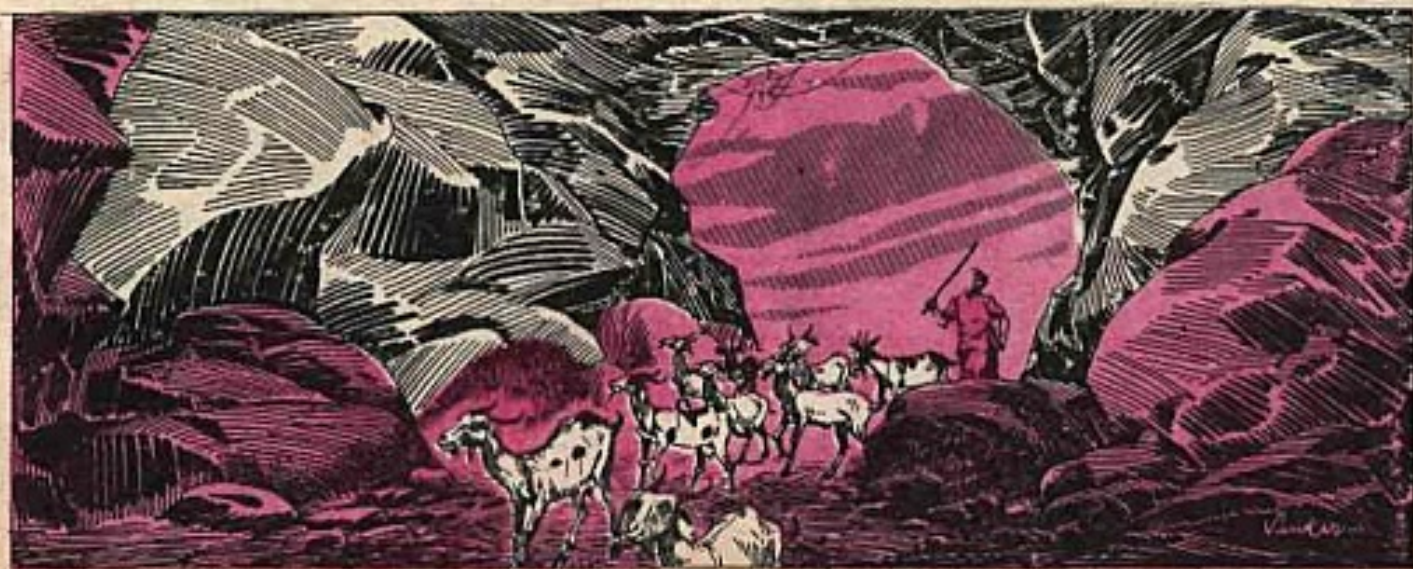
In those days a goat cost no more than five rupees. Motilal

was overjoyed. "I've ten goats. If I surrender them to the ghost, I'll receive two hundred rupees!" — he thought.

Next night he led his ten goats to the cave. His heart rocking with fear, he pushed them into the cave, saying, "Ghost, sir, since you are so fond of goats, here are ten of them."

"Good. Receive the price on the fifth day from today. We ghosts are not good at calculation," said the nasal voice.

Motilal proceeded to the cave on the appointed day. All he found was a scrap of paper with this message: "I gave you twenty rupees. That was my entire saving. If I prosper in the business with the eleven goats, I'll be happy to pay you their value one day or the other. — Ram."





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

A QUESTION OF DUTY

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. It rained from time to time and flashes of lightning revealed weird faces. Howls of jackals was punctuated by eerie laughter of the unearthly beings.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the old banian tree once more and brought the corpse down. Then, with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, he began crossing the desolate cremation ground.

Suddenly the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, it is possible that you are taking such pains inspired by a certain sense of duty. However, you ought to know that a mere sense of duty is not enough. One must have the courage and capacity to perform the duty. Otherwise one is likely to land in a fiasco. Let

me tell you a story that would illustrate my point. Listen to my narration with attention, O King. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Shekhar was the son of a high officer in the court of Videha. Vijay was the name of the prince of Videha. The two were pals. They had received their education from the same teachers. The prince looked upon Shekhar as his equal.

Shekhar's father took ill and his days were numbered. One day he called Shekhar to his bedside and said, "I can die in peace only if you take an oath to fulfil my unfulfilled desire."

"Tell me your desire and I'll do my best to fulfil it," said Shekhar. But that did not quite satisfy his father. "At first promise that you'll do what I say!" the dying man insisted.

Shekhar promised. Said his father: "You must see to it that the royal dynasty of Videha comes to an end!"

"What do you say?" Shekhar exclaimed in his shock.

"I know fully well what I say. Once the king insulted me in the court. I took the silent oath to kill him and his son in due course. But I fell ill before I



could act. If you are a worthy son, you ought not to go back on your word. Assure me that you'll do the work I assign you."

Shekhar kept quiet for a moment and then assured his father accordingly. His father smiled and died soon.

Shekhar was appointed to the position that lay vacant on his father's death. A year later the king died and Vijay ascended the throne. Although Shekhar was his employee, Vijay continued to treat him as his dear friend. Whenever he went out he took Sekhar with him. Also he saw to it that Shekhar enjoyed all the facilities and com-

forts that he himself enjoyed as the king.

But Shekhar was beset with the thought of fulfilling his promise. Vijay had no brother or sister. He was not married either. To kill him would mean to put an end to the dynasty. Shekhar waited for his chance and prepared himself mentally for the task.

Vijay was totally ignorant of what was going on in Shekhar's mind. He did not at first notice how Shekhar often remained thoughtful and gloomy. But soon he began to mark it.

Once Vijay went into the forest for hunting. Shekhar, as

usual, gave him company. The king's bodyguards fell behind. At a lonely place Shekhar brought out his dagger to stab the young king to death. But the bodyguards arrived before he could do it.

Shekhar hid his dagger and tried to be as normal as possible.

Vijay was in the habit of climbing a peak from where he loved to view the forest and the distant river from a certain spot.

A week later Vijay climbed the hill in Shekhar's company. On the other side of the peak there was a precipice. Shekhar saw that one push would send



Vijay rolling down to his death. But just as he would give the push, Vijay turned to face him and said, "Let's go down to those rocks yonder and relax for a while."

"As you wish," said Shekhar, hiding his disappointment at his failure to put an end to Vijay. Both walked towards the rocks below.

As they sat on the rocks, Vijay said, "My friend, I had a horrible dream last night."

"What was that?" asked Shekhar.

"You were about to stab me, but I escaped narrowly. You rushed upon me and tried to push me down a hill," said Vijay.

Shekhar looked pale as a ghost and trembled.

Suddenly Vijay demanded sternly, his gaze fixed on Shekhar's eyes, "I know that you made two attempts on my life. Will you tell me why? How did I fail you as a friend or as a king?"

Shekhar fumbled and confessed of his father's desire and his own promise to fulfil it.

"I see, you were trying to be as faithful to your father as Ramachandra was to Dasha-ratha. But Rama did not go to



harm someone for his father's sake. He sacrificed his own happiness. Very well, here I am. Kill me and fulfil your mission," said Vijay.

Shekhar, still trembling though, brought out his sword. But Vijay too flashed his sword. Shekhar stopped and stood in a funk.

Vijay smiled and said, "If I let myself get killed without resistance, that would amount to suicide. You know, suicide is a grave sin. You too would sin if you kill me in cold blood. Better let us fight. If you succeed in killing me, you won't be a sinner."

Shekhar hesitated, for he was no match to Vijay. But he could not back out. The fighting began. In no time a strong stroke by Vijay let Shekhar's sword fly off his hand. Shekhar tumbled down. Vijay's whirling sword beheaded him instantly."

The vampire paused for a moment and then challenged King Vikram; "O King, wasn't it unjust of Vijay to cut off Shekhar's head after the latter had lost his sword? Shekhar was no ordinary criminal. He was intent upon fulfilling a solemn promise. Vijay could have dismissed him from his

post or imprisoned him. What justification could be there for his murdering him? Answer me, O King, if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "It is wrong to say that Vijay murdered Shekhar. He gave him a chance to fight. Shekhar had undertaken a horrible task. Such tasks are full of risks. He had to give his life as a price for his defeat in the combat. It was Shekhar who wanted to murder Vijay. By killing Shekhar Vijay only punished him. Murder is not the



same as death in the way of punishment.

"One's allegiance to one's father may be a good ideal. But allegiance to one's true friend and gratitude too are great ideals. Obviously, Shekhar's father was not a noble-hearted man. He who, on the death-bed, thinks of others' ruin instead of thinking of God, is an unfortunate fellow, to say the least. The king must have had his reasons for insulting him. But the fact that the king had not dismissed him and, after his death, appointed his son to the post, shows how noble the king was. Had Shekhar been conscientious, he could not have overlooked all this.

"It may be argued that once Shekhar had promised to perform the task, he had to do everything possible to do it.

But why should one promise to perform a clearly treacherous and sinful act? If one does, one must pay the price for it. There is nothing more heinous than ingratitude. There is no reason why Shekhar should not be punished for his ingratitude."

"Shekhar was so mean that as soon as Vijay permitted him to carry out his father's desire, he unsheathed his sword, instead of feeling overwhelmed at Vijay's nobility. Had he realised his blunder then and begged for Vijay's pardon, he would have been spared. That Vijay gave him a chance to fight instead of killing him straightway, shows that Vijay was indeed an ideal youth."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





THE FOURTH BANDIT

The King of Mayurpur was much worried on account of a gang of bandits. The gang proved audacious and quite crafty.

But the king was an unusually courageous man. He began moving about at night in the disguise of a bandit.

He spent several nights sitting on the parapet walls of some of the houses in the city. Of course, he did that with the knowledge of the house-owners.

At last he spied upon the gang stealthily advancing on a lane. He jumped down and sprang up before them with a bag on his shoulder which looked like his booty.

"Who are you?" asked the bandits, who were taken aback

for a moment.

"It seems you belong to my fraternity," replied the disguised king. The bandits, who were three, were impressed by the fearlessness of the king. They invited him to join them. Together they went to a lonely place and discussed the problems of their profession.

"May I know if you chaps have any special powers, apart from valour and skill?" asked the king.

"I can open any lock, however strong, in the twinkling of an eye," said one.

"Pressing my ear on the ground I can say where wealth is stored or buried," said the second.

"Once I see a man, I can recognise him even if he would look quite different," claimed the third bandit.

Then all the three bandits asked the king, "What about you? What special power have you?"

The king was placed in an awkward situation. Soon he managed to say, "Well, if I press my ring, I can send any man to death. And, by raising a finger, I can save anyone," said the king.

The bandits felt happy to have such a man as a member of their gang. "Let's be guided by you in our adventure for

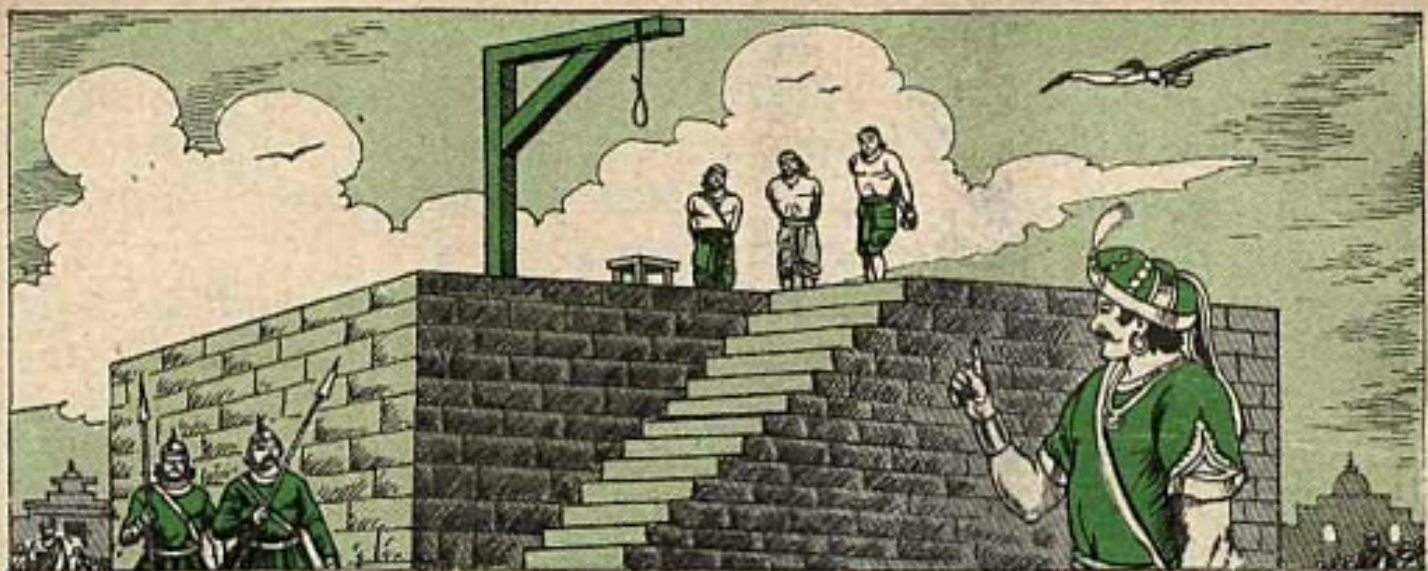
tonight," said the three bandits.

"I always look to high places for adventure. Let's try our luck in the palace," proposed the king.

The three bandits were thrilled. They followed the king. Through a secret passage he guided them to the first floor. The second member of the gang pressed his ear on the roof at several places and pointed out the treasury. They descended to the ground floor and the first bandit opened the lock of the treasury instantly.

As soon as the three entered the treasury, the king slipped away and signalled his alert





guards who pounced upon the bandits.

In the morning they were produced before the king. The king was no longer in disguise. He, according to the convention, pressed his signet-ring on a paper that carried his order for hanging the bandits!

The bandits were carried to the platform meant for execution. The minister asked them, "What's your last wish?"

"We'll like to see the king," said the third bandit who alone had recognised the king!

The king came there to fulfil the dying men's last wish.

"My lord, last night you told us that you had two special powers. We have seen you exercise the first of the two powers when you pressed your ring on the paper. Now, we look forward to see you exercise the other power," said the bandit.

The king smiled and raised his finger to stop the execution!

The bandits promised to lead a normal life. The king gave them work in the court itself.



How you spend your time is more important than how you spend your money. Money mistakes can be corrected, but time is gone for ever.

—David Norris



THE SAGA OF SHIVA

In some huts on the hills of Darukavan and in the caves lived a number of sages along with their wives. That was a peaceful area, marked by plenty of transparent springs and fruitful trees.

Some among the women folk, before their marriage, used to worship Lord Shiva. They used to pray to Him for the boon of good bridegrooms. But once their prayers had been granted, they were no longer keen in their worship.

Some sages even told their wives, "Don't bother to worship any other deity. Your husband is a good enough deity for you!" To please their husbands, the wives gave up their practice of praying to Lord Shiva.

Shiva did not mind that. But some of the sages were rather

impudent. They proudly declared here and there, "Our wives are so very devoted to us that they gave up worshipping even Lord Shiva for our sake! There is nobody who can win their hearts away from us! They won't even look at a stranger, what to speak of their talking to one!"

As is well known, sage Narada appeared often naughty! Of course, he did nothing without some noble motive. He went to Shiva and told him how the sages of Darukavan suffered from the disease of vanity. Shiva, out of his compassion for them, decided to cure them of the disease!

He assumed a strange but enchanting form. With a drinking vessel in one hand and a begging bowl in the other, he reached Darukavan. The sages

were away at the invitation of a king who was performing a *Yajna*.

The disguised Shiva called for alms. There was such magic in his voice and such charm in his appearance that the womenfolk forgot their household chores at his sight. They vied with one another to serve him and to run errands for him. Each tried to endear herself to him.

As soon as the *Yajna* was over, Narada met the sages and said sarcastically, "Shouldn't you rather rush home to participate in the fuss your wives are making around a stranger? I must admit though that I have

never known a more charming fellow!"

The sages were astonished. They rushed back to Darukavan and demanded of the disguised Shiva, "Who are you?"

"A good-for-nothing fellow!" was the reply.

"How dare you dally with our women?" asked the sages angrily.

"They dare to dally with me," said Shiva.

The sages were very angry. They conspired and created a power called *Maya*. They threw it upon Shiva so that he would swoon away. But Shiva changed the power to enthusiasm for



himself and began dancing.

The sages then performed a *Yajna* out of which they created Fear in the form of a tiger and let it loose on Shiva.

Shiva instantly killed the tiger and tied its skin around his waist.

The sages created a snake out of the elements of sin and threw it on Shiva. In no time Shiva took hold of the hissing creature and put it on himself like an ornament.

The sages, by their collective talent, brought forth a power that would make anybody mad. But as soon as they hurled it at Shiva, he changed it into a

deer and held it in his grip.

The sages then put their heads together and evolved a fire that could destroy the world. But no sooner had they thrown the power on Shiva than he changed it into a fragrant bouquet.

The sages looked on, helpless. Shiva's dance gathered momentum. His dance symbolised his victory over all the destructive forces that the sages could create. Soon he attracted his supernatural followers — as well as Ganesha, Kartikeya, Nandi, Bhiringi and others to the spot. Curious, Parvati too arrived there and she enjoyed the dance of Shiva.



When the gods and the goddesses heard that Shiva was dancing before Parvati, they rushed to Darukavan, unwilling to be deprived of the divine sight.

They were followed by Vishnu and Brahma.

Vishnu played the Mridangadrum, Saraswati played the Veena, Indra played the flute, while Brahma beat time. Narada sang a sweet lyric. Bhringi blowed a bugle.

Ganesha felt inspired to join his father. His vehicle, the mouse, too followed suit.

It was then that the sages realised who the stranger was: They also realised the folly of their vanity. They felt ashamed as well as thrilled. They recited their prayers for Shiva most ardently.

* * *

A demon called Gayasur became so powerful that he dislodged the gods from heaven and dared Shiva to fight him. Shiva shook his locks. From his locks sprang forth a terrible-looking creature. Gayasur, trembling at the creature's sight, fell at Shiva's feet and was pardoned by the Lord.

The creature told Shiva, "My lord, I am awfully hungry!"

"You can eat yourself," said Shiva.

The creature obeyed the direction. He ate up his body. What remained was only his head.

Shiva, pleased with him, so ordained that the creature, called *Kirtimukh*, would dwell on the heads of all the gods. Since then the weird head of *Kirtimukh* is seen atop the images of the gods wherever they are worshipped.



An Exemplary Sacrifice

On the river-bank stood a solitary mango tree. The fruits of the tree had no parallel for their flavour and sweetness.

There was no village nearby. Nobody knew about the unique mango tree. But in the nearby forest lived a troop of monkeys. Their leader was never tired of exploring trees for the benefit of his followers.

One day he came across the mango tree and led his troop there. The monkeys were delighted to eat the mangoes.

"Be careful. Do not let a single mango fall in the river," the leader warned the monkeys. He was afraid that if a mango was carried by the flow and came to someone's notice, he will surely begin a search for the tree.

Nevertheless, one ripe mango fell in the river and drifted down in the direction of the city of Varanasi.

It so happened that the King of Varanasi was bathing in the river and it was he who saw the





mango. He took a bite of it and was surprised that such a sweet fruit had ever been borne by a tree.

In the afternoon he marched along the river-bank, looking for the mango tree, followed by his bodyguards who were armed with swords and bows. It was evening when he located the tree.

The monkeys were still on the tree. They had eaten up almost all its fruits. The king sighed and said, "Let us camp here. In the morning we can shoot down all these monkeys. In the next season the fruits will be ours."

The leader-monkey understood what the king said. The forest was at some distance. There was no other tree near the mango tree onto which the monkeys could jump.

But the leader-monkey was determined to save his followers. He alerted them about the danger. They were frightened. But he assured them that he will do his best to secure their escape.

On the opposite bank of the river stood a banian tree equal in height to the mango tree. The leader-monkey jumped into the river and swam to the other bank. He found out a long bamboo and tied one end of it to a top branch of the banian tree and the other end to his own waist. Then, from the banian tree, he jumped across the river to the mango tree.

Unfortunately, the bamboo proved a little short of the distance. The leader-monkey caught hold of a top branch of the mango tree, and himself remained suspended in the air. He became the link between the tree and the bamboo that formed a bridge across the river.

He remained like that and commanded his followers to pass on to the other side. The monkeys were many. As they

passed stepping on his back, he grew more and more weak. But, despite the great strain, he did not lose his grip of the branch.

He bled in his back. The last monkey to cross over to the other side was a wicked one, who had always been jealous of his leader. He stamped on his back and broke his backbone.

The King of Varanasi had not fallen asleep. He saw all that happened. Great was his amazement. He asked two of his body-guards to climb the tree and bring the bleeding monkey down.

The king who had been

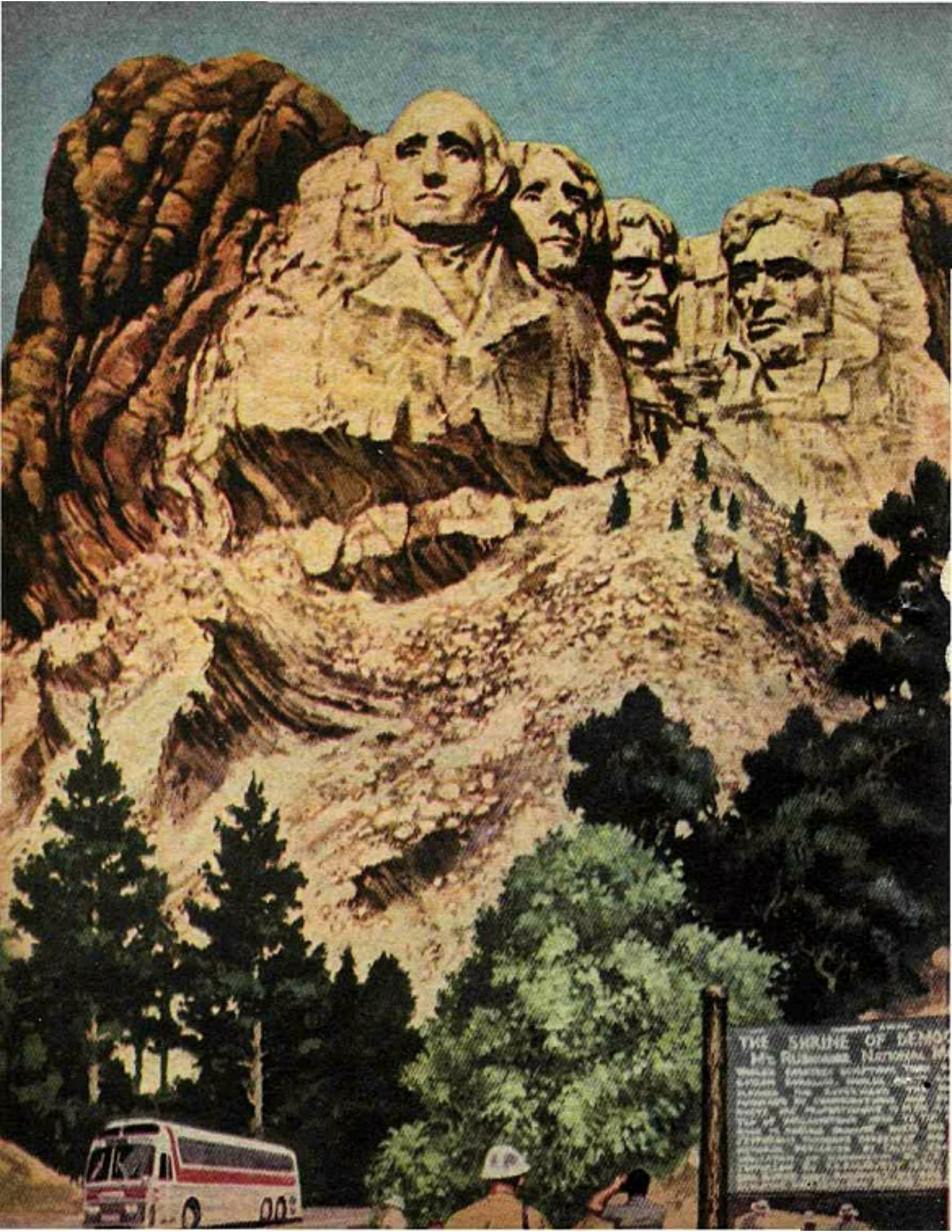
greatly moved to see the leader-monkey's spirit of service, did everything possible to cure him of his wounds. But the monkey died.

The remorseful king said that the mango tree on the river should never be touched by anybody. It should be left to the troop of monkeys.

The leader-monkey was none other than Bodhisattva—the soul of the Buddha in one of his earlier births. The wicked monkey who was so cruel to him was to be reborn as Devadutta, who conspired against the Buddha all his life.

From the Buddha Jatakas





THE SHRINE OF DEMOCRACY
MOUNT RUSHMORE NATIONAL MEMORIAL

Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln
Sculptors: Gutzon Borglum and four assistants
Rudolph W. Callaway, Henry S. Moore, Charles S. Doolittle, Leonard C. Stroh
The monument is a masterpiece of American art and a symbol of the American spirit.
It is a place where the great leaders of our nation are remembered and where we can learn about our country's history.
The monument is open to the public every day of the year, except on Mondays and Tuesdays in the winter months.
For more information, visit the Mount Rushmore National Memorial website or call 1-800-451-7637.

MAN-MADE MARVELS

THE MOUNTAIN THAT BECAME A MONUMENT

To the casual observer, Mount Rushmore was simply a mountain. But to sculptor Gutzon Borglum it was a huge block of Granite to be chiselled into a symbol of a nation's pride.

There is nothing particularly exciting in how South Dakota's Mount Rushmore got its name. It was not discovered by someone called Rushmore nor did a Rushmore first climb it. The plain truth is that towards the end of the last century a New York lawyer named Charles E. Rushmore happened to visit the Black Hills of South Dakota when his attention was caught by a towering granite peak that glowed in the afternoon sun.

The lawyer asked the name of the peak. Nobody answered, for the simple reason that the great mass of granite had no name. Someone laughingly suggested that they might as well call it Mount Rushmore! And Mount Rushmore it was still called when Gutzon Borglum set eyes on it.

Borglum, born in Idaho, ran away to San Francisco at the age of 12 because he wanted to be an artist. From California he travelled east to New York, where he studied sculpture, and from there he set out to travel the world. He lived and worked in England, France and Spain before returning to his native country. By then he was known as a great artist in stone.

Mount Rushmore fascinated Borglum in 1924 probably in much the same way as an enormous blank wall would have caught the attention of the Italian artist Michelangelo. The huge mass of granite, bathed in sunlight for the greater part of the day, was an inspiring challenge, calling for work on a truly gigantic scale.

An Inspiring Idea

The idea caught on and

money began to flow in. Borglum's plan was to carve four enormous heads out of the living rock of four great American presidents: George Washington, the fighter for freedom; Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence; Abraham Lincoln, the champion of equality; and Theodore Roosevelt, who met the challenge of the 20th century.

It soon became clear that the project would be very expensive. The United States government took over the financial responsibility.

Work began straightaway. Borglum built a studio with a vast window facing Mount Rushmore, and he set to work building models, changing them continuously as he grew to know the mountain.

Used though he was to large figures, Borglum had never attempted anything quite like this. Each head was to be about 20 metres high on the scale of a man 150 metres tall. The point of each nose was located on the mountain first, and then the other features were placed round it, meticulously



transferred from the model of cliff on a one-to-twelve scale. And, of course, the sheer physical task was enormous.

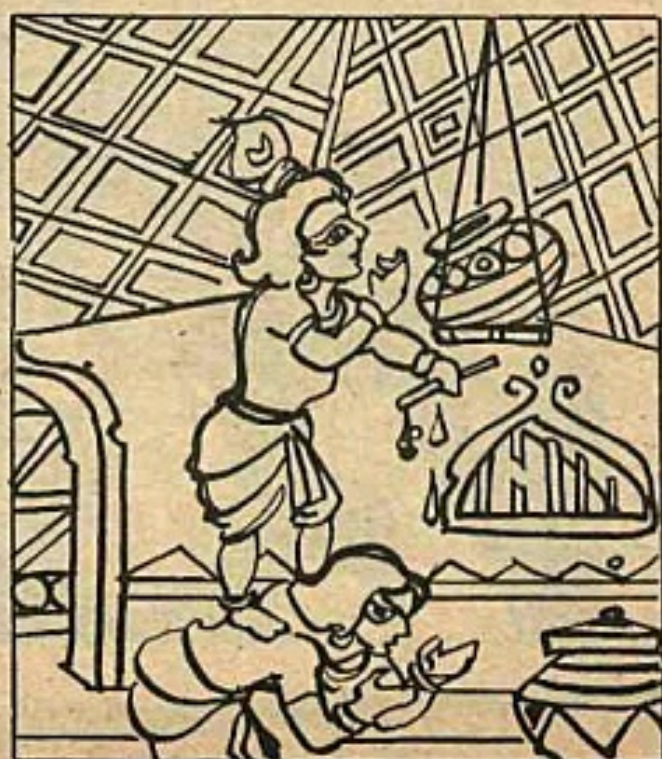
A network of scaffolding was erected, and Borglum and his assistants were lowered over the side of the mountain in bosun's chairs. Small charges of dynamite were used to blast out the rough shape of each face, and then the finishing touches were given by hand.

The heads of the four presidents took 14 years to complete, and Gutzon Borglum died just seven months before the last hammer blow was struck. Today, each year, well over a

million people visit the memorial, known as the Shrine of Democracy. During the summer months floodlights are switched on in the nights to illuminate the gigantic faces.

Experts have often been questioned as to how long the stone portraits of the four presidents may be expected to last. Mount Rushmore itself is thought to be at least 500 million years old and its granite is unusually strong and long lasting. In spite of the occasional surface crack there seems to be no reason to suppose that the Mount Rushmore Memorial will not last for many centuries yet.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE GREEK PHILOSOPHER WHO LEARNT FROM INDIA

In the 6th century B.C. Greece saw a great philosopher, astronomer and mystic. He was Pythagoras. He was the first thinker to announce that the world was round and that it hung in space.

His thirst for knowledge brought him to India. That was a time when Buddhism was spreading. Pythagoras learnt much from Buddhism as well as from other systems of Indian philosophy. Upon his return to his country, he spoke about transmigration of soul—the immortal soul passing from body to body.

Pythagoras angered the orthodox politicians and religious people of his country and fled to Italy for a while. After his death his disciples, about 50 scholars, formed an excellent group. But one day the orthodox mob invaded their club, called them heretics, and killed them and set fire to their meeting place.

The ancient gods in whose name the mob performed the massacre are forgotten, but not Pythagoras!





LET US KNOW

What are the meanings and the full forms of the terms, A.P., Reuters, P.T.I., Tass etc. which we often come across in the newspapers?

Pradeep Varshney, Aligarh.

A.P. stands for Associated Press, an American news agency. Reuters is the name of a British news agency though it had been founded in Germany. P. T. I. in its full form is Press Trust of India. Tass is the name of a Russian news agency.

Such Agencies post their correspondents in various important places. The correspondents gather the news of the incidents taking place in and around their places and send them by phone or by telegram or by teleprinter to their headquarters. From the headquarters the news is transmitted to the newspapers published from different places. Now-a-days the chief mode of transmission is the teleprinter – a telegraph transmitter with typewriter keyboard.

Big newspapers like to have their own correspondents in different places. But it becomes prohibitively expensive even for a very rich newspaper to have correspondents at all the important places of the world. They come to depend on the world-wide news agencies. Small newspapers, naturally, depend much more on news agencies than the big ones.

How can the news agencies afford to maintain their correspondents at many places? The newspapers pay them for the news they (the agencies) supply. Many newspapers buy the same news. In this process each newspaper has to spend much less than what they would spend in maintaining their own correspondents. The affluent newspapers, besides posting their own correspondents at important places, subscribe to the reports of the agencies too, to get all sides of an incident.

A report, when published in the newspapers, mentions at the beginning or at the end, whether the news was supplied by the paper's own correspondent or a news agency.

(Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.)

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Brahm Dev



Dr. K. Chandrapal Singh

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the July '80 goes to:

Ms. T. A. Lalitha, No. 41 'B' Type House, Robertson Road, Fraser Town, Bangalore 560 005.

The Winning Entry: 'A Door to Door Seeker' - 'A Road to Road Hawker'



PICKS FROM OUR MAIL BAG

Dear Sir,

I have started reading your magazine with my son. The *Chandamama* is like a loving uncle who tells you 'stories, has been liked by all — children, mummies and grannies . . .

S. S. Barwe, Bombay.

Dear Sir,

I am a school-teacher, but I feel young enough at heart to enjoy the *Chandamama*, with a deep appreciation of its highly readable content and refreshing variety. I intend getting the copies bound year-wise and donate the volumes to the school library for our youngsters to enjoy them.

Fred. W. Saunders, Cuttack.

Thanks, Mr. Barwe, for the 10-line-long sweet verse you have written in praise of the *Chandamama*, and thanks, Mr. Saunders, for your compliments and excellent intention.

— The Publisher

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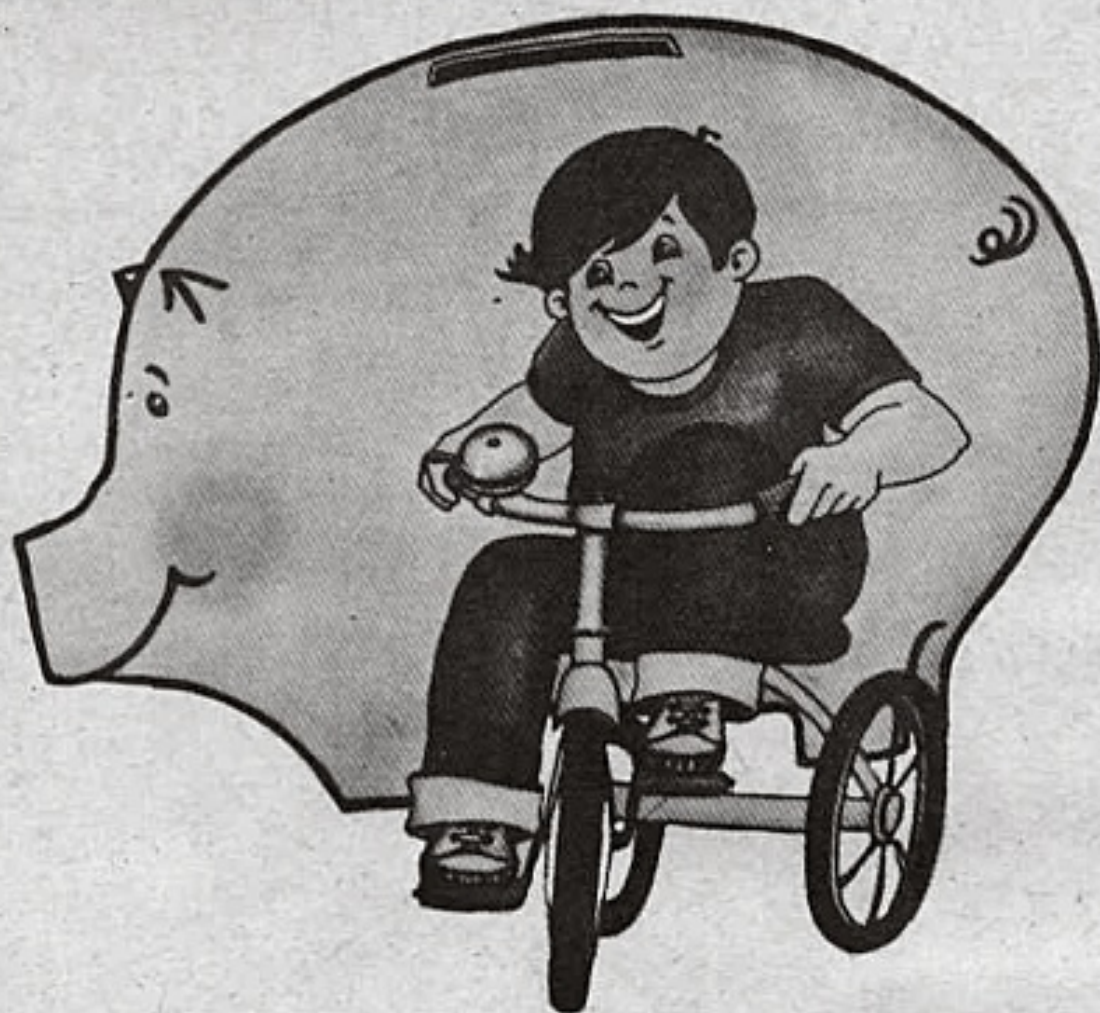
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